
Title: Discovery of the Tomb

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Day Eleven - Day

Thirteen:

Two more workers have gone missing. Even more disturbing is the fact that Lysander has joined him. Late last night the workers finished excavating the next main hall, and we retired to the main antechamber and our camp to rest up for exploration on the 'morrow. In the middle of the night we woke to a strange howling sound, and as the men prepared themselves for another onslaught of the beasts that had troubled our outer camp, it was noticed that Lysander was nowhere in our number. I cannot fathom where he has gone - the newly revealed chamber holds no immediate egress, blocked again by piles of stone and rubble, and I cannot believe that Lysander, of all people, would have fled this site - indeed, he had lately grown almost fanatical in his work to discover more of the secrets barred to us by the consistently slow progress of excavating each new hall way. The men are at work even now, and as the ceaseless thumps and cracks of their picks reverberate throughout the entirety of the tomb, the dust continuous to pour down from the ancient stonework above us like

some horrible, eldritch
curse upon us all.